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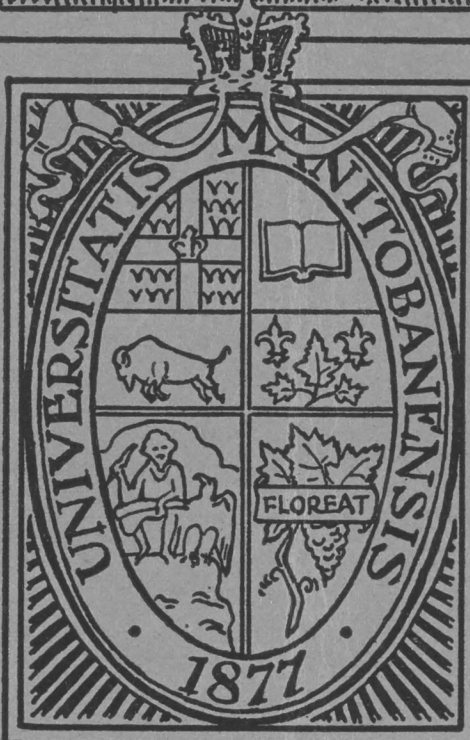
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Vol. II. No. 4

JAN., 1916

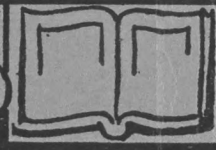
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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
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THE MANITOBAN

A MONTHLY JOURNAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

Vol. II.

Winnipeg, January, 1916

No. 4

JOSEPH CONRAD (A Sketch)

"Give me the right word and the right accent and I will move the world."—Some Reminiscences.

By S. J. Helman.

I.

In reading through a little essay by Christopher Stone I came across a statement which was unique for the ease with which it sentimentiously summed up Conrad's place in English Literature. That sentence was: "Conrad writes better English than any English novelist."

Conrad is not an Englishman. Conrad is a Pole whose full name is Teodor Joseph Korzeniowski. He was born in Ukraine in the South of Poland on the 6th of December, 1857. His family belonged to the landed gentry of Poland and while Conrad was but a mere infant of five years his father was exiled for being deeply implicated in the Polish Rebellion, into which exile his wife and son followed him. It was a long journey for Conrad's mother who was rather seriously ill, but she unflinchingly shared her husband's exile and paid for her rash action with her life, dying soon after she had left Poland. Her death hastened that of her husband and in 1870 we find the orphaned Conrad living with his maternal uncle. This was the happiest period of Conrad's childhood—this home life of the country consciously enjoyed and revelled in. Here, too, began his romantic dreams. At the age of ten he put his finger on the large blank space which formed the heart of Africa on all maps and said, "When I grow up, I will go there." And so he did, twenty years later. In the meantime Conrad's guardian, wishing to counteract what they considered a dangerous tendency, put him in the hands of a tutor who was to rid him of his strange and inborn desire for a sea life; but after many endeavors the tutor finally had to give up the attempt of driving the sea out of Conrad's mind.

As a child he was never aware of learning to read—so early in his life did that momentous event take place. At six he learnt French from his governess and a few years later he was reading Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and other English classics in Polish translations done by his father, who was a student of no small ability. There is a story to the effect that, when at last he took up writing, he debated long and earnestly with himself which language to choose for his medium: French or English. This story may not be inherently impossible but I doubt it. At the age of fifteen he made up his mind not only to become a sailor but "a British sailor;" and when at nineteen, in the harbor of Marseilles, he heard a few words of English spoken for the first time out of an English mouth, that event impressed itself so strongly on his mind that a score of years later he was moved to make it the closing event of the reminiscent volume of his named, "A Personal Record."

Conrad's first experiences as a sailor were obtained in small vessels on the Mediterranean, and on a West Indian trip on a French ship that had to be pumped all the way to keep it from sinking. It was not till three years later that he set foot in England, the land of his dreams, and sailed under the Red Ensign, finding his first employment in a coasting vessel. At this time he did not know a word of English but he learnt it rapidly, being helped in a general sense, to some extent, by a local boat-builder who understood French. From now on till he finally left the sea Conrad's life was the usual life of a deep water seaman. For twenty years he tasted all the hardships, all the vicissitudes and all the adventures, bad and good, that form an inevitable part of a sailor's lot. As a seaman he was a success and ultimately became a master in the merchants' marine, though with a touch of melancholy seldom found in him he has told us that all the long and trying years at sea brought him nothing but "a dozen or so of commendatory letters."

In his, now famous, preface to the "Nigger of the Narcissus," Conrad tells us that it was not "the famous need of self-expression which authors find in their search for motives" which moved him to start writing, but rather, "a hidden, obscure necessity, a completely masked and unaccountable phenomenon." He began to write his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," while aboard his ship and five years elapsed between the writing of the first and last chapters of that book. He lugged the manuscript around with him back and forth over the face of the earth. Some chapters were written in London, others in the equatorial regions of Africa, and others yet on board a steamer frozen fast in the Seine at Rouen. Twice the manuscript was nearly lost; once in the Congo rapids and another time in a hotel at Warsaw. In 1894 Conrad finally left the sea. He had never fully recovered from a severe fever that had invalidated him in the Congo and hardly knew what to do with himself. As an afterthought, he sent in to Fisher Unwin the novel "Almayer's Folly." To Edward Garnett, then a reader for this firm, the manuscript was submitted and it was he who discovered "Almayer's Folly" and Conrad with it. Let Garnett be remembered for that fruitful pioneering! From thence on Conrad's life is mainly the history of his books.

One cannot read through even the barest survey of the facts of his life without supreme wonder. The scenes of events which led a Polish boy to enter the British merchant service and a master of the merchant marine to become a novelist seem quite incomprehensible. It is indeed strangely appro-

priate, however, that the man who has led one of the most wandering and one of the hardest lives of our time should be the writer of most realistically romantic novels of our age.

Conrad's inexplicable mind has created for itself a secret world to live in and to a great extent he remains "a figure behind the veil; a suspected rather than a seen presence—a movement and a voice behind the draperies of fiction." But occasionally he reveals himself in his works as a member of a strange race who is an alien, wandering solitary among his memories. On one of the pages of "Lord Jim" Conrad has confessed himself with perfect frankness. He represents himself receiving a packet of letters which are to tell him the last news of Lord Jim. He goes to the window and draws down the heavy curtains.

"The light of his sheltered reading-lamp slept like a sheltered pool, his footfalls made no sound on the carpet, his wandering days were over. No more horizons as boundless as hope, no more twilights within the forests as solemn as temples, in the hot quest for the ever-undiscovered country over the hill, across the stream, beyond the wave. The hour was striking! No more! No more!—but the opened packet under the lamp brought back the sounds, the visions, the very savor of the past—a multitude of fading faces, a tumult of low voices, dying away upon the shores of distant seas under a passionate and unconsoling sunshine. He sighed and sat down to read."

II.

It is one of the compliments paid to perfection that the critics when speaking of Conrad's style never speak of him as anything but an Englishman. Yoshio Markino's quaint English enraptures the critics, but you do not hear loud poems of praise because Conrad's English is not quaint. Conrad, together with W. V. Hudson and George Moore (and, perhaps, Henry James), are the finest stylists writing English today—one falls into superlatives when dealing with him. By a stylist I do not mean one who delivers his meaning in the clearest possible manner, if the effect and purpose he is working for are obviously utilitarian and he designs solely to impart knowledge. Style in this sense is, or should be, amongst the accomplishments of every commercial clerk—indeed, it will be merely a synonym for plain speaking and plain writing. By style I mean such a use and choice of words and phrases and cadences that the ear and the soul through the ear receive an impression of subtle, but most beautiful, music, and if the sense and sound and color of the words affect us with an almost inexplicable delight, then I say that while the idea is the soul, style is the glorified body of the very highest literary art. It is with this interpretation of style that I call Conrad a stylist. He is above all a musician—a musical poet who believes that "the power of sound has always been greater than the power of sense," in a word, the ear is his final court of appeal. He is a poet as were De Quincey, Pater and Poe. A despiser of the facile triumph, of the appeal sentimental, he reminds me more of Landor than De Quincey—a Landor informed by a passion for fiction. Some one has said of Flaubert that "there are pages of his that one lingers over for the melody, for the evocation of dim landscapes, for the burning hush of noon." The same is true of Conrad. It is in descriptions of tropical nights and primeval forest, of the shifting background of the sea, of nature vast and untamed, that the prose of Conrad rises to extreme heights. It is endowed not alone with poetry but with a sort of melancholly

and ironic philosophy which is strangely moving. It is impossible to describe it. Let me give some illustrations. Glance at this from "The Lagoon."

"A murmur powerful and gentle, a murmur vast and faint; the murmur of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forest, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden flash. A breadth of warm air touched the two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound—a breath loud and short like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth."



JOSEPH CONRAD

Or at this from "The Mirror of the Sea:"

"For a moment the succession of silky undulations ran on innocently. I saw each of them swell up the misty line of the horizon, far, far away beyond the derelict brig, and the next moment, with a slight friendly toss of our boat, it had passed under us and was gone. The lulling cadence of the rise and fall, the invariable gentleness of this irresistible force, the great charm of the deep waters, warmed my breast deliciously, like a subtle poison of a love-potion."

Or at this from "Karain:"

"Sunshine gleams between the lines of those short paragraphs—sunshine and the glitter of the sea. A strange name wakes up memories; the printed words scent the smoky atmosphere of to-day faintly with the subtle and penetrating perfume as of land-breezes breathing through the starlight of bygone nights; a signal-fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a sombre cliff; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over the sleeping stretches of open water; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach, the shallow water foams on the reefs; and green islets scatter through the calm of noon-day lie upon the level of a polished sea like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel."

I have already pointed out the analogy between Flaubert and Conrad, but I cannot refrain from touching the matter again. You know the fascinating habit which Flaubert had of shaping his paragraphs in musical form—that is, deliberately moulding his paragraphs to fit into one or other of

the well known musical shapes. Conrad does likewise. Glance at the last quotation I have given you. Surely it is of musical form! We recognize the allegro, the andante, and the presto, while there is no mistaking the *coda* of this paragraph beginning with "and," in a word, it is a sonata. How well, indeed, does Conrad live up to that dictum which he laid down for himself in the preface to the "Nigger of the Narcissus:" "All art," he said, "appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the color of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts."

Conrad's works are full of memorable expressions—passages that cling to the mind. There is something miraculous in these phrases where he brings the light of magic suggestiveness to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words; they possess an aura of their own that makes them loom above the utilitarian swarms of literature. Few of the other great writers have given us such passages. True, Flaubert is alive with them. In Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," for instance, we find this eloquent and memorable description:

"His voice at first feeble and quavering, became acute; it trailed in the night like the indistinct lamentations of a vague distress, and, in the midst of the sound of the horses' bells, the murmur of the trees, and the rumbling of the hollow coach it had something remote which agitated and troubled Emma. It descended to the depths of the soul like a whirlwind in an abyss and carried her into regions of melancholy without bound or limit."

The late Lofcadio Hearn gave a memorable passage in his description of a statue of the Empress Josephine in one of the islands of the West Indies: "Over a violet space of Summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she is looking back to the place of her birth." So, too, did Francis Thompson, in writing of Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," when he alluded to a poet world "where the very grass is all a-rustle with the lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the air." But no one has surpassed Conrad in these felicitous expressions that light up the abyss of the soul. Who, before or since, Conrad could have evoked this picture of heat, stillness and solitude?

"A marvellous stillness pervaded the world, and the stars, together with the serenity of their rays, seemed to shed upon the earth the assurance of everlasting security. The young moon recurved, and, shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold; and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of ice, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon. The propeller turned without a check, as though its beat had been part of the scheme of a safe universe; and on each side of the *Patna* two deep folds of water, permanent and sombre on the unwrinkled shimmer, enclosed within their straight and diverging ridges a few white swirls of foam bursting in a low hiss, a few wavelets, a few ripples, a few undulations that, left behind, agitated the surface of the sea for an instant after the passage of the ship, subsided gently, calmed down at last into the circular stillness of watch and sky with the black speck of the moving hull remaining everlastingly in its centre." (*Lord Jim*).

Who but Conrad could have given us this exquisite analysis of fear?

"Fear always remains. A man may destroy everything within himself, love and hate and belief, and even doubt; but as he clings to life he cannot destroy fear; the fear, subtle, indestructible, and terrible that pervades his being, that

lurks in his heart, that watches on his lips the struggle of his last breath"—(*An Outpost of Progress*).

Where shall we look for another passage such as this?

"Razumov stamped his foot—and under the soft carpet of snow felt the hard ground of Russia, inanimate, cold, inert, like a sullen and tragic mother hiding her face under a winding sheet."—(*Under Western Eyes*).

The quotations I have here given to illustrate Conrad's prose are, with one exception, all from his earlier works. I am afraid my choice is regrettable, in as far as it may give an incorrect impression as to the style of Conrad's later books, but I cannot help it. If one is to quote Conrad (which is necessary when writing about him), one must choose those quotations which are the most suitable for one's purpose. In his later works his style has become so modulated that it is impossible to illustrate its special and subtle characteristics without quoting at a very great length. This fact in itself, however, is a tribute to Conrad's later style, that the individual passages are perfect only when taken into consideration with each book as a whole.

III.

Conrad has written some twenty books and it would be impracticable here to trace at all minutely the development of his genius, but I may give, at least, an outline of some of the special features of his activities. His first two books, "Almayer's Folly" and "An Outcast of the Islands," were mighty strides taken definitely in the direction in which he intended to go. The steam of the jungles and of the sluggish rivers informs these ironic studies of character. These books were followed by "Tales of Unrest," his first book of short stories and containing five tales, two of which at least, "Karain" and "The Return," rank with his best. "Karain" is mysterious, a thing that haunts one by its extreme fascination. "As to Karain, nothing could happen to him unless what happens to all—failure and death; but his quality was to appear clothed in the illusion of unavoidable success." What a character! And on what a gorgeous and barbaric and changing stage is this obscure tragedy of the soul enacted! In Conrad's imagination three villages on a narrow plain become a great empire and their ruler a monarch. "The Return" is a masterpiece of searching analysis and a sinister study of lurking shadows. The "Nigger of the Narcissus" was the first book of his about the sea. Conrad has said of it, "By these pages I stand or fall," and taking it all in all, it is perhaps the most typical of his books, unique of its kind, a book of shadows living again in the spell of remembrance. Of his next effort, "Lord Jim," Arthur Symonds has said, "To find a greater novel than it, we might have to go back to Don Quixote. Like that immortal masterpiece, it is more than a novel; it is life itself, and it is a criticism of life." This story of a man struggling to regain a lost foothold is Conrad's masterpiece. The centre of interest in "Lord Jim," however, is not so much Jim himself as the universal and overwhelming prejudice which drives him beyond the pale of the white man, and the vast, barbaric darkness which then engulfs him. It is an unforgettable book which haunts one's mind and to which one returns again and again. Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" is the only other work of art which has ever raised my soul to the same pinnacle of ecstasy.

"Youth" and "Typhoon" (I mean the English edition which contains what is also in the American volume of "Folk") contain magnificent stories of his romantic prime, stories of the might of the wilderness and the sea, of the unconquerable endurance of man and of the fleetingness of all desire. "Youth" has been named by many critics as the best short story ever written in English; praise which I do not believe at all extravagant. Told by any other writer it would have been nothing more than an exciting story, but told by Conrad, it is at once a subtle philosophy and a stately poem, with something of the eternal wisdom in it and something of the surge and thunder of the Odyssey. In the same book are two other magnificent short stories, "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether," both unutterably tragic and both written with such supreme art that all criticism must be silent before them. In "Amy Foster" we have another study in tenor. It is wild, plaintive, a poem full of pity. Against a sordid background we see a divine creature, like a bird strayed across many seas from some tropical country, beating its tired wings in vain. "Tomorrow" is a symbolic study, a tale of tragic fate, of swift love-making in the dusk, of the sound of the sullen waves, of the voices of madness, and anger. Its meaning lies in the "hopeful madness of the world," uttered through the voice of an old man "shouting of his trust in an everlasting tomorrow." Conrad got something rare and difficult in these stories and that was the sense of brooding disaster, of cruel and immutable fate, of the eternal meaninglessness of life—in a word, tragedy in the Greek sense. "Heart of Darkness" is as real a tragedy as "The Seven Against Thebes."

There have been many writers about the sea, but only Conrad has loved it with so profound and yet untrustful a love. He has tried with an almost filial regard to render the vibrations of life in the great world of waters, in the hearts of the simple men who have for ages traversed its solitudes. Probably his greatest rival as a painter of the sea is Gorky, but a quotation from both of them will, I believe, show the vast gulf which lies between them. Here is one of the best passages from Gorky:

"... the sea sleeps. Immense, sighing lazily along the strand, it has gone to sleep, peaceful in its huge stretch, bathed in the moonlight. As soft as velvet, and black, it mingles with the dark southern sky and sleeps profoundly, while on its surface is reflected the transparent tissue of flaky, immobile clouds, in which is incrustated the gilded design of the stars."

This is indeed a beautiful passage and Gorky describes the sea as if she were a beautiful adored woman. But she is a woman whom he worships from afar; he does not know her, has not tested the flint of her nature and found her impenetrable and heartless. Conrad knows her, knows that beneath that fascinating exterior there is no compassion, no faith, no law, no memory. Hear him speak in the "Mirror of the Sea," a medley of "impressions and memories:"

"And I looked back upon the sea—the sea that plays with men till their hearts are broken, and wears stout ships to death. Nothing can touch the brooding bitterness of its heart. Open to all and faithful to none it exercises its fascination for the undoing of the best. To love it is not well. It knows no bounds of plighted troth, no fidelity to misfortune, to long companionship, to long devotion. The promise it holds is very great, but the secret of its possession is strength, strength—the jealous, sleepless strength of a man guarding a coveted treasure within his gates."

I would not have you believe for an instant that Conrad can write only about the sea. He has

written superb land stories. There is "The Duel," one of the sardonic fancies that he delights in and a brilliant piece of humor. There is "The Secret Agent," a wonderful experiment in realism. Above both of these there is "Under Western Eyes," written in Conrad's most polished manner. It has been described as being as powerful as Dostoevsky and as well written as Turgenieff. The truth is, that it is Conrad at its best. Its type of narrative is in the later style of the writer—subtle and subdued. We feel something muffled, almost stifled, in this tale of Russian anarchism. Looming between its lines there is the vague shadow of a giant struggling at his bonds, faintly we hear the echoes of a million steps; beneath the colossal "weariness" lurks unceasing activity.

Gustave Kahn, in commenting on a French translation of one of his stories, called Conrad *un puissant reveur*. He might have added, a true genius in spinning yarns. Not, of course, simple yarns—not yarns as yarns are ordinarily understood. The fascination of a Conrad story lies, not in its merely narrative elements, but in its interpretative elements. "My task," said Conrad, "is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all to make you see." And what he makes us see is precisely what is least upon the surface—the subtle play of forces in the dim region of human motive and emotion, the inordinately tangled reactions between will and environment, the shock and recoil of circumstances. All this, of course, explains the difficulty he presents to the idle novel reader, and even to the reader of more serious purpose. He is so intent upon the remoter effects and implications of his story that he sometimes allows the story itself to lose direction and clarity.

The conviction that human life is "a seeking without a finding," that one cannot fathom its purpose, in a word, a magnificent agnosticism, will be found written largely in the works of all great artists. It is found in Hardy and Balsac; Shakespeare was full to the brim with this conception; and Dreiser, our greatest American novelist, has said, "For myself, I do not know what truth is, what beauty is, what love is, I do not believe anyone absolutely, and I do not doubt anyone absolutely. I think people are both evil and well-intentioned." This philosophy is also Conrad's. In "Some Reminiscences," we find a passage which suggests at once his artistic and philosophical creed:

"The ethical view of the universe involves us in the last instance in so many cruel and absurd contradictions, amongst which the last vestiges of pity, hope, charity, and even of reason itself, seem ready to perish, that I have come to suspect that the aim of creation cannot be ethical at all. I would fondly believe that its object is purely spectacular, a spectacle for awe, love, adoration, or hate, if you like, but in this view and in this view alone, never for despair. Those visions delicious or poignant, are a moral end in themselves. The rest is our affair—the laughter, the tears, the tenderness, the indignation, the high tranquility of a steeled heart, the detached curiosity of a subtle mind—that's our affair."

And with these words so moving and so sincere, I may close my essay, in the assurance that the triumph of a great reputation is already his. His last book (space forbids my doing anything but mention it in passing) is called "Victory." I like to read into that title a fortunate coincidence. After his years of labor the victory remains with him, and his work, long unnoticed by the world, has proven at last its own unquestioned and glorious justification.

Editor *The Manitoban*.

Dear Sir: I understand that you are about to publish an article upon Joseph Conrad, the greatest of living novelists with the single exception of Thomas Hardy. That is splendid. That is splendid, particularly in a University where, avowedly, no interest is taken in English Literature later than Tennyson.

Yet since then—and I do not at that include Swinburne, whose fame is secure—three poets have fulfilled their careers, whose best poems are the equal of any in the language, and therefore—need it be said—better than anything of Tennyson's, except at the most, six of his lyrics. The work of these poets has the very stuff of life in it. Two of them—Davidson and Middleton—sung to unhearing ears, and in poverty and shameful neglect made an end "trampled down by the destinies." May I quote the stanza of Davidson's from which I take that phrase:

And defeat was my crown!
When, naked, I wrestled with fate
The destinies trampled me down:—
I fought in the van and was great,
And I won though I wore no crown
In the lists of the world, for fate
And the destinies trampled me down—
The myrmidons trampled me down.

"I fought in the van and was great." That line might suggest Rupert Brooke, whose sonnets are the one great literary product of the war. He too has left us—perishing gallantly, splendidly, in the service of the country he loved.

Now that they are dead, perhaps their message will be listened to.

You would be doing a fine service if the article on Conrad was only the beginning of a series dealing with the moderns, who, beginning with Meredith, form a galaxy of writers who many years hence will intrigue the Professors quite as much as Tennyson and his contemporaries do now.

What an attractive curriculum it will be! There will be a course on the novel, reading something like this perhaps:

Meredith—*The Ordeal of Richard Fernal; Diana of the Crossways; The Egotist*.

Butler—*Way of All Flesh*.

Hardy—*The Return of the Native; Tess of the D'Urbervilles; Jude the Obscure*.

George Moore—*Esther Waters; Evelyn Innes*.

Conrad—*Lord Jim; Chance; Nostromo*.

H. G. Wells—*Kipps; Tono Bungay*.

Arnold Bennett—*The Old Wives' Tale*.

D. H. Laurence—*Sons and Lovers*.

Galesworthy—*Fraternity*.

He is not an educated man in any sense of the word who has not read these novels. He is deliberately shutting his eyes upon the life around him which they seek to present. What delight is in store for the student who has yet to begin upon such a course. I would I stood again upon the threshold of such a world of wonder and splendor.

I hope the article on Conrad may be a torch to light the way.

A.M.



ARTS AND SCIENCE ALUMNI

On the evening of December 31, 1915, the famous Fifteens gathered together in a class reunion to bid farewell to the old year that had seen them attain to the dignity of graduates, and to welcome the New Year that is to witness their even greater deeds.

The early part of the evening was spent in a most enjoyable time out of doors. Following that the whole party proceeded to "Jo's place" where welcome refreshments were thoroughly enjoyed.

An intermission in the social evening was called and a few minutes were spent in discussing the important question of founding a new University Arts and Science Alumni. The executive committee had had the matter under careful consideration and were able to offer through their constitutional committee, Mr. Helman, a number of helpful suggestions.

The new alumni is to be composed of all graduates of our University who graduate in Arts and Science and who do not at the same time graduate from any of the affiliated colleges.

Each class is to maintain its own organization and send up representatives to the Alumni Executive. An innovation was introduced by forming a secretarial Committee to be composed of the corresponding secretaries of the different classes, and presided over by the Alumni's corresponding secretary.

It is hoped that the new constitution, upon its revision, will provide a sound and useful working basis for a live and energetic Alumni. C.M.

CENSORED WAR NEWS

Aggie's asking ams for the Artillery.
Belinda's binding belly-bands for Belgians.
Clara's counting cough-drops for Cossacks.
Diana's denting dumdums for Dragoons.
Effie's etching emblems for the Ensigns.
Fannie's fetching fish-balls for the Frenchies.
Gaby's gargling goldfish for the Germans.
'attie's 'itching 'orses for the Hinglish.
Iona's ironing ice-bags for the Irish.
Jennie's joining jew's-harps for the Japs.
Katy's killing Kitcheners for the Kaiser.
Lizzie's laundering lingerie for Lancers.
Mary's making moonshine for the Monks.
Nellie's 'nitting nothing for the Nuns.
Olive's opening oysters for the Old Guard.
Prunella's painting pretzels in Przemysl.
Quola's quelling quinzies in the Queen's Own.
Rachel's rolling Rameses' for Russians.
Sister Susie's sewing shirts for Soldiers.
Tillie's toughening tripe for two tight Teutons.
Ulma's unwrapping union-suits for Uhlans.
Viola's vaporizing vodka in the Vosges.
Wilhelmina's wishing warts on Wilhelm.
Xanthippe's xhaling xylophones for Xmas.
Yenny's yielding yeast-cakes for the Yiddish.
Zuzie zaid zhe zent zome zoap for ze Zuaves.

—Cornell Widow

THE MANITOBA

Published once monthly during the College Year by the Students of the Faculties of Arts, Medicine, Engineering, Theology, Pharmacy and Law.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

Payable Strictly in Advance

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Entered as Second Class Matter in the Department of the
Postmaster-General, Ottawa.

JANUARY, 1916



EDITORIAL



It was the last day of the Christmas examinations. The street lights twinkled blue and yellow in the Winter twilight, and the church No. 74 spires grew dim behind the frosted trees.

The snowflakes were falling gently, gently, as if the angels were noiselessly beating out their feather ticks for the holidays, in the grey skies above. Who would not be happy at such a time? Nothing to do but to contemplate the beauty of life and muse over the subjectivity of love.*

Suddenly a man approached, wavered a moment, and then passed—stealthily, we thought—like the National Board of Censorship. There was something familiar and yet elusive about his walk. Something in his face that suggested a forgotten friend. Who could it be? Was it a student who had so suddenly thrust himself into our life, or was it merely a member of the Faculty? It was baffling. Perhaps some day, when the great white books are unsealed and the mysteries of this world are made clear, those problems—political, mathematical, and sex—which have annoyed us during life, will be explained to our satisfaction. Let us hope that some disinterested person, in case we should not be present, will ask a few pertinent asks about the University problem, nor rest content on learning that our University was “unique.”

But why apostrophize? Our own problem did not have to wait for a solution. The man was returning. He paused, and again we looked mutely into his eyes. A wave of recognition surged over our mind. “Father!” we carolled, and clasped him tight. But it was not father. It was a classmate, and in his eye there still dwelt the unspoken question like the lingering reminiscence of the dead past. “Speak!” we shouted, and our voice was terrible. He spoke.

“Do you,” he guzzled, “do you think that you are treating the University aright? Do you think that the editorials appearing in its official organ are fitting and representative of the University, such as it is? Do you expect that at this rate your

bones will ever lie in Westminster Abbey and mingle with those of Cromwell and that of Bertha M. Clay? Do you?”

Not often have we been asked a question to which we felt bound to give something in the nature of a reply. Not often have we given anything in the nature of a reply. But here was something so pertinent, something of such impish ingenuity that our brain whirled—it was all we could do to keep it from spinning itself in like a cocoon. To delay was dangerous. It was time for action. “Come,” we whispered, and took his hand.

(Two paragraphs deleted by the censor).

One by one we opened the exchanges at the editorial page and shoved then under his feeble eyes. He was reading now—reading and murmuring to himself. The last one was reached.

“Water, water,” he gasped.

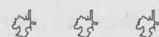
“Precisely,” we hissed, putting on our hat and cane in preparation for the denouement. “Precisely. Water. Every one of them from Alpha to Izzard, nothing but water. And you would have the organ of the University of Manitoba enrolled among these gutless editorials and insipid inspirations? Fie!”

“Non, Non,” he answered, for he had taken French in his first year; “*tres non!*”

“Come, Mathew,” we continued in a calmer mood, for, not knowing French, his simple words had touched our heart; “what would you have ueberhaupt? Would you have us praising the puny efforts of the student body in their athletic and dramatic attempts to amuse themselves? Would you have us solve the University muddle? Nay, not while the principle still holds that the literati of this world cannot kick higher than their heads, which, in the case of the student body, is not very high.

“But listen Arnold” (we called him Arnold that day); “according to the immortal J. Frank Leslie, there is much sense in being foolish occasionally. This is not only true, but in being foolish we thereby lend the impression of hiding our light under a bushel. Thus the University of Manitoba is exalted beyond words. The mere fact that there is no light under the bushel need not concern us, for after all, it is the darkness that inspires, and causes us to seek the light.”

We turned to Mathew with a smile—he was dead.



In his preface to *Major Barbara*, Samuel Butler G. Bernard Shaw says: “It drives one almost to despair of English literature when one sees so extraordinary a study of English life as Butler’s posthumous *Way of All Flesh*, making so little impression. . . . Really, the English do not deserve to have great men.”

The Way of All Flesh by Samuel Butler (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is in truth a great book. It is characterized by sincerity—a rare quality in these days of ralfconnorism—and an entire absence of polar explorations, equal suffrage, slightly soiled heroines, revelation, eugenics, and kindred tricks of the literary trade.

Read it before it becomes a classic.

* See the Editor’s latest book: *How to Love Three Girls at a Time*. (Tiffin & Co.)



Far be it from us to talk about such things, but wouldn't it be a noble idea if, in times like these, the Fathers of Convocation were to reduce the High Cost of Learning by cutting down the degreering fee from \$10.00 to \$3.80.

Alas! None of the great men who visit Winnipeg ever address the Students of the University. After speaking broadcast around the city, men like Forbes-Robertson and President Vincent, of the University of Wisconsin, look up the U. of M. in Waghorn's, and pass by on the other side.

From the *Free Press*: "Resolved that Manitoba is the mother province, and a good mother. Also resolved that Saskatchewan and Alberta are good twin sons of worthy mother."

After vainly searching for father, be it hereby resolved that Tanktown County and Poppin Junction, N.D., be worthy second cousins by marriage.

As the official organ of the University of Manitoba, we would like to know what became of that little queen who used to work at the Intensely Busy Book Shop on Portage.

Still in pursuit of our aggressive poem policy, we have dashed off the following lyrics while under the influence of liquor:

That Gaudy Day

Fair was that gaudy day! Oh! fair
The maid upon my knee.
Pure as her soul the morning air
Wafted over the lea.
And sweet as the smile of a happy child
Her radiant smile for me.
Oh sumptuous love! But sorrow
Mingled it chiefly with sighs,
For the heart knows itself and the morrow,
And mourns for the love that dies.

The Poet

Hark! Like a mellow fiddle moaning,
Through the reed-grass sighing,
Through a gnarled-branch groaning,
Comes the poet, sylph-like, gaunt-like,
Poming—
And his eyes are stars,
And his mouth is foaming.

From the *Tribune*: "Any University reorganization that provides for the government of the state institution wholly, or in part, by official representatives from the sectarian college boards, will leave the University in the same place of disadvantage that it occupies today. The time has come for the recognition of the state alone in higher education."

And this, again, from the Report of the Royal Commission, 1910: "If any Denominational College desires to assume the heavy burden of University education, then to its own master it stands or falls, but the University cannot run the risk of being either the stepping-stone of its ambition or the victim of its mistake."

Those of us who remember the old United College (*Friede deiner Asche!*) and the senseless ravings about making it the greatest dispensary of wisdom, either state or denominational, on the American continent, etc., etc., etc., with gestures, would do well to memorize the above question for examination purposes.



A Reader's Notes

We have just been reading Nellie's new book, "In Times Like, Etc.", which, on account of its entire absence of new ideas, ought to prove very popular. Thumbs up, thumbs down, Nellie reviews the entire gamut of human experience from the double standard to the triple alliance, stamps them with the seal of her approval or calls loudly for reform—and all with the eclat and gusto of a mouse leaving a burning cathedral. Youth! Youth!

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Every young man and woman starting out on life's awful journey should read this book. If you want to know how beauty can come from not having the bar, read it backwards. (Oxford University Press, \$1.25).

"Critique of Pure Reason" by E. Kant (Scribner and Co., 45c). Clever but not profound. Keen observation and psychological analysis, but lack of dramatic interest. A good cure for insomnia and agnosticism.

"The Doctor, the Sky Pilot, Black Rock, the Foreigner and Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Coinnor. The hero of this book is a young man who comes or goes West, is sorely tempted by the Devil, and wins out by sheer strength of will and University training. Being also a great temptation to the Devil, who regards him as a tit-bit, he is not out of the woods until the heroine gives way to the overwhelming power of love. *Exit Satanas*. Written in Ralph's own rubber-stamp style. All prices.

"Memories of My Dead Life," by George Moore. "If you are a sinner it will ease your conscience; if you are a saint it will cure you."—H. L. Mencken.

"Latin Prose Composition," by Bradley-Arnold. A good book for examination purposes, but uninteresting.



In our next issue we shall wrestle with the University problem. Advance hint: The University is unique.



Dear Editor—What kind of paper should I use to write a passionate letter? Sincerely, E. W.

Ans.—Asbestos.



Har! Har! And this from the renowned heliographer of the *Free Press*: "From the pages of *The Manitoban* one might almost be inclined to think that perhaps the sense of humor is even keener among the young women at the University than among the young men."

Let's tell him, girls. Come on, let's. Aw, let's.

When using our jokes please mention *The Manitoban*

THEY ALSO SERVE

By Professor R. C. Wallace

There lies before our mental gaze a landlocked bay, encircled by low rolling heath-clad hills, utterly destitute of forest. Early recollections of the bay are associated with the very poetry of peace. A stately pile in red and grey, round which steep-gabled houses nestle, as though for warmth, has stood vigil over its fortunes many long centuries, and solitary monoliths, to our forefathers replete with religious significance, carry back its story many centuries more. These silent witnesses might have recorded not a few brave scenes in the days of the old sea kings whose might was felt far beyond the confines of the bay: while

Ruined hall and nodding tower
Hint darkly at departed power.
Their domeless walls, time-worn and grey,
Give dimly back the evening ray
Like gleams of days long past away.

But never, save in Neptune's wildest moods, have these monuments of the past looked down on a scene of greater power than that which lies before them today. A mighty fleet, the greatest the world has ever seen, stands guard in the bay over the shores of Britain, controls the lines of commerce between the new world and the old, and remains a powerful factor—the most powerful factor, it may well be—in the ultimate decision of the struggle which now rends so pitifully Europe's greatest nations.

To those whose good fortune it has been to view the scene, the spectacle is of profound significance. It is in the reserve of power, rather than in its exercise, that man or machine is truly great. For all practical purposes, the Grand Fleet may be deemed to direct its operations from behind the barred entrances to the landlocked harbor; yet Europe-bound vessels from the Americas turn their course landwards for examination, well advised not to attempt to elude observation, wide though the sea-room at their disposal; and the sea-arm of our great enemy is powerless to strike. When mists of a Summer morning are drawn aside to disclose the lines of grey hulls riding quietly in the bay, one feels that the thoughts of a nation are turning, with those of the spectator, to this little harbor "somewhere in the north" in devout thankfulness for the protection which the initiative of the fleet during the three critical days before the declaration of war, and its ceaseless vigilance ever since, has afforded to the hearths and homes that are so dear.

The transformation of a quiet seaport town into a commercial depot for a great fleet has been a process not devoid of human interest. Matters of detail are strictly "unter viele Augen," two of which are the searching pair of our much-maligned friend, the censor. Suffice to say that the process has not been a sudden one. Ever since "The Riddle of the Sands" enlightened us as to the dangers of invasion by way of the North Sea, the naval element has been in evidence. The change from a quaint old-worldness to the hurry and bustle of present-day naval activities is one which, its necessity notwithstanding, one cannot view but with certain feelings of regret, and there are grounds more serious than the merely sentimental. But there are compensations. Men whose names are household words are familiar figures,

in their gold braid, on the narrow streets; and the inhabitants have that satisfaction—dear to the human heart—of being in the possession of knowledge which others less fortunately placed, thanks to the censor, cannot share. And the feeling of safety due to the power of an all-protecting fleet, to other Britishers based on faith, is to them an ever-present and tangible reality.

As we gaze, the fleet in well-ordered procession, fringed ahead and to the flanks by protective craft, steams slowly out to sea; and stillness settles on that placid bay. Our thoughts travel forward to a time when the great European war is a matter of history; and we are again the spectator of the scene in that hill begirt expanse of water. Will the insignia of a nation's power have disappeared because the implements of war are needed no more in a world of universal peace? We doubt it exceedingly. We number ourselves not among the optimists who talk bravely of the war that will end all wars. Such was the popular cry in mid-Europe in the sixties and seventies of the century that has gone: and such will be the watchword of the people in each succeeding conflict. Though proud nations be conquered and dragged in the dust, the spirit that makes for war—want of understanding among nations, distrust, jealousy—will outlast more wars than one. Nay rather we look down in fancy on a bay still stronger strategically than of yore; and on a proud fleet under whose protection the destinies of the United British Empire are established even firmer and surer than heretofore.

No mortal ever dreams

That the scant isthmus he encamps upon
Between two oceans, one, the Stormy, passed,
And one, the Peaceful, yet to venture on,
Has been that future whereto prophets yearned
For the fulfilment of earth's cheated hopes,
Shall be that past which nerveless poets moan
As the lost opportunity for song.

Health

To secure good health rise early, especially in Winter and raise the window. If there is a tack handy step on it, it will increase the circulation.

Then walk four miles as soon as you are dressed (that last part is important). On return, breakfast on a small dish of the latest advertised mixture of evaporated bran, toasted chaff and shredded husks, using skimmed milk. Drink a cup of imitation coffee with condensed cream; this acts as a wonderful flesh reducer and is said to stimulate the digestive apparatus and so whets the appetite that within thirty seconds you feel as though you hadn't eaten a thing. Then you are ready for the day's work. Attention to the foregoing is usually sufficient to bring a strong man into fine condition in about a month; but people who are run down should observe the following points as well:

Never go in bathing without your rubbers as wet feet are the cause of many complaints.

Never go without eating for more than two or three weeks when you can secure good wholesome food as it is very injurious.—*Ex.*

DEPRECIATION

(Address by Mr. Glassco, City Light and Power, to Engineering Students, November 29, 1915)

The term depreciation is, as a rule, very much abused, and in my experience I have rarely come across anyone who can clearly define or designate what the term means. Webster defines it as an *act or state of lessening worth*, and if his definition is assumed to be a correct one then any or all lessening or worth is to be termed depreciation, whether from age or decrepitude, obsolescence, inadequacy, wear and tear, or lack of any kind of maintenance.

To distinguish these different forms of depreciation it is necessary to explain each form separately.

The first one that I refer to is *Decrepitude*. All apparatus gradually wears out by age. It starts to deteriorate the moment that it is installed, and such wearing out or deterioration cannot be made good by repairs, but only by complete replacement, such as in the case of a horse. A horse cannot be repaired, but he must be replaced when worn out by old age. The wear and tear of the feet can be made up by constant repairs, but old age cannot be repaired. In the same way a car body becomes so racked by use that the screws will no longer hold, the wooden parts become so decayed that it is no longer economy to repair it, and the cost of maintenance becomes so high that it is useless to retain the car in service. Such depreciation is termed *Decrepitude*, a word that may seem somewhat strange to the art, but exactly describing the meaning of this class of depreciation.

Obsolescence.—This term means the depreciation due to change or advance in the art, which renders a piece of apparatus or a whole class of it obsolete and uneconomical of use as compared with new types that have been developed at a later date and which are of much better efficiency. This item is usually so much larger than any of the other forms of depreciation that the term of life as dictated by the obsolescence will in many cases control the rate of decrease in value.

Depreciation due to obsolescence applies particularly to Street Railway and Light and Power apparatus, for in few instances have the change and advances been so rapid as in the transportation systems of the country. On the other hand there are very few industries that are not affected by obsolescence. Machinery in cotton mills, shoe machinery, and in fact all forms of manufacturers, are affected by the change in the art, the improvement in machinery and in methods.

A splendid example of this form of depreciation is the cable railway formerly in use. I have in mind the old cable cars which used to be in general use, some few of which are still in operation in San Francisco, on account of the very steep grades of many of the streets in that city.

These cable cars were adopted in nearly all the large cities some years ago and after being in use some few years only were replaced by electrically propelled cars. In Washington and New York the sub-surface tube, provided for the cable, was used for placing the electrical conductors, but in all other cities the sub-surface was torn up and replaced with a much heavier railway track. This change of motor power entailed great expense,

which, in most cases, was calmly added to capital and in many cases has never been written off.

The third form of depreciation is *Inadequacy*.

This form of depreciation may be described as that lessening in value which takes place by reason of growth of business, rendering apparatus inadequate for its purpose and compelling the installation of machinery capable of greater output or capacity. Increase in business or growth may render any piece of apparatus inadequate for the purpose for which it was originally planned. This applies particularly to Street Railways, Telephone, Electric Light and Power Plants, etc. Cars become too small for their original purpose and for the riding public, and when new and larger cars are substituted for the old, additional power supply becomes necessary; and so on down the line.

Then again replacement of Public Utilities property is often forced by city ordinances and by-law, long before the apparatus is worn out, in which case a large charge for the new plant has to be made. This latter development applies particularly to street railways, many of which have to be forced to invest in new cars and new tracks long before the life of the old apparatus was reached. I remember some years ago working for a corporation in a city where the town council had become obsessed with the idea that the railway company must use a grooved-girder in place of a "T" rail that had been originally installed; another case that I can remember is where the city undertook a large amount of paving and required the railway company to replace its tracks with new construction all the way through.

The fourth form of depreciation is *Wear and Tear*. This form is very often charged to operating expenses from a bookkeeping standpoint, but nevertheless it is a value that must be considered when making an appraisal of a property. It consists of normal and natural wear that takes place in operating plants, whether manufacturing or a plant of a public utility. It is the wear that takes place in the operating of a machine, which is replaced by re-babbiting, or the wearing off of the commutator of a dynamo, or the wearing of the tires of a waggon wheel. Accident repairs also come under this heading. Depreciation due to wear and tear varies according to the apparatus.

Hence it can readily be understood that to properly arrive at a depreciation charge on any plant or piece of apparatus we must have a grasp of the individual forms of depreciation, as well as ability to combine them collectively in such a manner as to comprehensively embrace every kind of property and the local conditions that may be met with. On the other hand, assuming that this theory is applied to practical use there are many other stumbling blocks which will be met with before a satisfactory solution can be obtained, particularly so in the application of proper depreciation charges on Public Utility Plants where the integral parts vary to a large extent, and where earning power very often is used as an argument to offset the standard rate allowed for depreciation.

Rates of Depreciation.—The rates of depreciation depend upon so many factors that they have to be

set arbitrarily. The fact is that the actual life of all apparatus, buildings, etc., depends so much on the location, the original quality, the kind of usage to which they are put, the amount of money expended for repairs and the promptness with which repairs are made, that the use of any one rate becomes out of the question, so that rates must be made taking into consideration all these factors, and even then of necessity they must be of an arbitrary nature. The rates most often used are 5 and 10 per cent., or a life of 20 and 10 years, but these rates are ordinarily applied to full plants and only currently to specific objects. Take, for example, a Babcock and Wilcox boiler. This boiler can never be wholly depreciated, for it is *repairable* or *renewable* in all its parts each in its own good time, while with a horizontal return tubular boiler, when the shell is gone the whole boiler has to be abandoned. And yet we ordinarily depreciate either boiler at the rate of 5 to 10 per cent. per annum on the original cost.

It is doubtful if any one in business at present has ever seen a worn-out Corliss engine, and yet it is common to depreciate any of them at the rate of 5 per cent on the original cost. The writer has always held that when there is little chance of *obsolescence* or *supersession* a Corliss engine should be depreciated equitably at a very low rate, for the reason that by boring out the cylinder or even replacing it entire, adding new valve mechanism, babbiting the bearings and cross-head, it could be made for all practical working purposes as good as new, and all at a very limited cost, and then only at *very* long intervals.

Machine tools depreciate very slowly with ordinary use, and yet in large factories might have to be superseded due to *obsolescence* much oftener than for *decrepitude*. So rates must be set by judgment alone. On a railroad there is so much that appreciates that it often becomes doubtful if the appreciation does not in a great measure balance the depreciation. The right of way and other real estate is bound to rise in value, the solidification of the roadbed certainly does not depreciate it, and the advance in value of terminals is apt to be constant and in many places of a considerable amount. The depreciation of ties, rails, and special work is, however, so great that some fund should be provided for renewing them as they wear out. This wearing out is not true depreciation, but is *wear* and *tear*, and as such be chargeable in operating expense or a special fund, and in the case of special work which wears out quickly and irregularly, so that only comparatively small amounts come due at any set time this can be done without calling too heavily on the finances. It is quite feasible to value special work for an appraisal on the 50 per cent or cycle basis; that is, deducting the scrap value, the true value of all the special work would be one half the remaining value. But in the case of rails, unless in a very large system, the annual renewals of rails and ties will call rather heavily on capital, until such time as the yearly average renewals are of substantially the same amount, when the charge can be made direct to operating expense for *wear* and *tear*, instead of to a renewal fund. The rates of depreciation therefore cannot be equitably adjusted until such time as the *average wear* can be calculated for the whole railroad. Rails

and ties in the much travelled portions of cities seldom last for a greater period than ten years, while in the suburbs twenty or thirty years' life may be expected. One method of computing the life of a rail is to base the wear and life on the fact that 11,000,000 to 13,000,000 wheel movements over a rail will wear it down one quarter of an inch. This rate of wear has been substantiated by tests in several large cities.

There is a vast amount of controversy at present in the ranks of scientific men as to the manner in which the Freshmen manage to keep those little caps of theirs on the head. Some one with malice aforethought has declared that it is a general rule to use a tack. We wish to dispel any such insinuation, and, moreover, give the real means which is in use. The explanation is very scientific—the cap is placed on the head, and it remains there by means of vacuum pressure. Simple, isn't it?—*McGill Daily*.

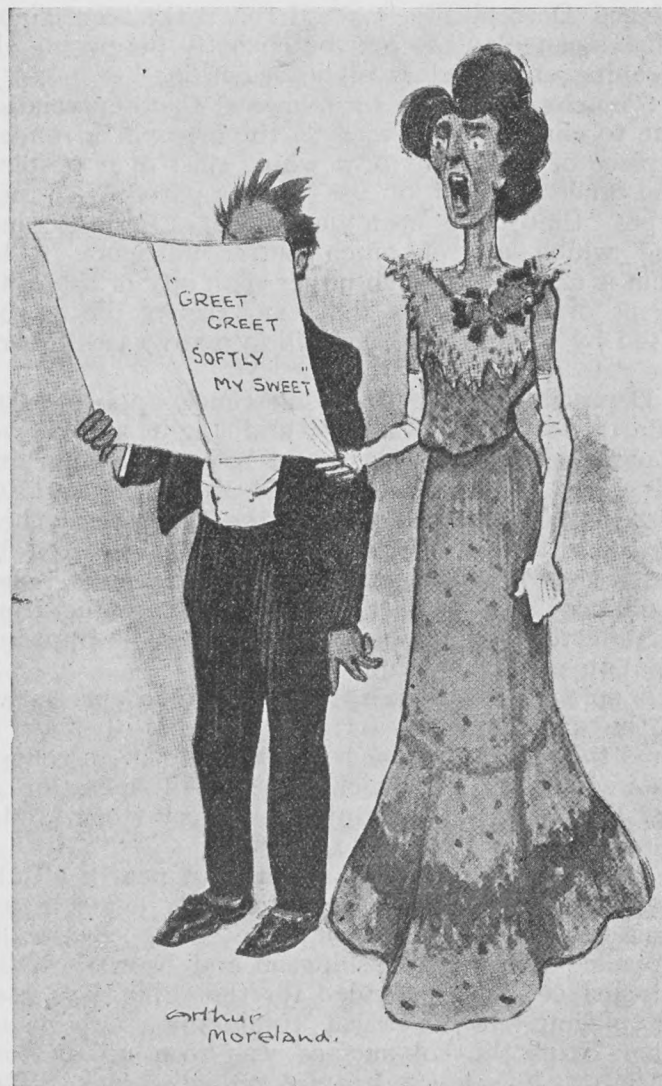
You can prove anything by logic. As an example, we make the following syllogism:

Major—"Dirt is matter out of place."

Minor—"A Freshman anywhere is matter out of place."

Ergo, a Freshman is dirt.

And from the multitude composed of Sophs. came the cry, "Yea, a Daniel is come to judgment."



This Song was put in as a Filler

THIRTY YEARS

Showing the Influence of J. M. Synge on the Modern Drama

By Pearl G., '19

Scene—Interior of a fisher hut on the North Atlantic coast. The room is built of logs and almost bare of any ornamentation. To the left is a rude fireplace in which a small fire is burning. Above it hang lobster pots and a sou'-wester cap. Various articles of apparel lie littered about the room. In the right-hand corner of the room stands a double bed and a seaman's chest. The door in the centre opens inward. A storm howls without and rattles the little square window to the left of the door. John Smith is seen sitting before the fire in oilskins, warming his hands. He is strong and well-built, and his face is marked by years of contact with the sea. He is about fifty years old, but don't look it. He sits musing before the fire; at times he glances nervously around him as if in fear.

Smith (in sepulchral tones)—Thirty years, thirty years. (The wind without rises and he looks around nervously.) Thirty, thirty, thirty years. (He spits contemplatively into the fire and muses for two minutes, while the wind without howls dismally.) Madge, his wife, enters through the door bearing an armful of faggots, which she lays down before the fireplace. As she enters she admits the gale, and Smith is visibly perturbed for a moment, but calms himself with an effort. Madge removes her shawl and draws up a stool at his side.

Madge (coughing hoarsely and then after a short pause)—Thirty years.

Smith (echoing sadly)—Aye, thirty years.

(There is a long pause, during which both stare fixedly into the fire.)

Madge (with a note of longing in her voice)—Are you sure it's thirty?

Smith (indifferently)—Thirty, or thirty-one, or thirty-two, or perhaps twenty-eight or twenty-nine. But say thirty.

Madge (hopefully)—Or thirty-one?

Smith—No, thirty.

Madge (slowly dwelling on each word as if recalling a lesson)—Yes, say thirty. What is a year or two in our lives? Nothing!

Smith (simply)—Nothing.

(There is a long pause, during which they look at each other without saying anything. The wind grows stronger. So strong in fact as to drown out all other sounds, and the windows rattle with a loud noise. They wait patiently until the noise subsides somewhat.)

Madge (coughing violently)—A heavy night. By the grace of God.

Smith (still gazing into the fire)—Aye, I fear a storm.

Madge—God help them on a night like this.

Smith (starting up with a sudden movement and leans out to listen)—Whisht! (Then recollecting suddenly) Whom?

Madge—The sailors.

Smith (relieved)—Oh.

Madge—Do you think it will get worse?

Smith (starting up)—What will?

Madge—The storm.

Smith (sullenly)—Don't care if it does.

Madge—But think of them.

Smith (starting up)—Who?

Madge—Think of all the people we will have to rescue tonight.

Smith (sadly)—Aye.

Madge (musingly)—And it's thirty years, it is!

Smith—Aye, thirty years tonight.

Madge—Are you sure it's thirty?

Smith—Positive.

(Another long pause, during which Madge looks out of the window and Smith smokes his pipe, Madge coughs violently for some time. Finally Smith goes to the seaman's chest and rumages in it for some time. He approaches Madge with a small black object in his hand.)

Smith (with an effort)—Madge, I can stand this no longer.

Madge—No longer?

Smith—No.

Madge—Then speak.

Smith—Your cough is getting worse, Madge. So I have kept this for you. Take it (handing her the black object). Don't thank me, Madge. It is a coughdrop. You have been a good wife, and I kept it for you.

Madge (her voice breaking)—Jawn!

Smith—What?

Madge (speaking querulously)—You did this for me. You kept it all these years?

Smith—Aye.

Madge (coughing violently)—You kept it for this night?

Smith—Aye, for this night.

(The wind howls dismally, and Smith starts up affrighted. Madge coughs loudly for several minutes.)

Smith—Take it.

Madge (coughing)—By the grace of God, I will.

Smith—Now?

Madge (coughing)—No, Jawn, not now.

Smith (sadly)—Not now?

Madge (coughing)—No, Jawn, not now. The wind, the storm, tonight? No, not now.

Smith (pleadingly)—Yes, do it now.

Madge (coughing)—All right. For your sake, Jawn, for your sake.

Smith—Yes, for my sake.

(Madge swallows the coughdrop. A long pause ensues, during which they look at each other, while the wind swells into a shriek. Madge's coughing ceases, and throughout the rest of the scene her voice is shriller and more distinct.)

Madge (musingly)—Thirty years, thirty years.

Smith (in the same reminiscent tone)—Aye, almost thirty years.

Madge—Jawn!

Smith (starting up)—What?

Madge—Nothing.

(A long pause ensues again while the wind howls without.)

Smith—Madge, I cannot deceive you any longer. I have sworn to speak tonight.

Madge (her voice almost a scream)—Jawn, Jawn! Speak to me, Jawn. Why do you look at me like that?

Smith (slowly and deliberately)—Listen, Madge.

You have been a good wife. You will condemn me. I should have told you years ago. I meant to. I swore I would a thousand times, but I failed. But it cannot go on. We can no longer live like we have with this secret between us. I should have told you years ago, but when the little ones came, I couldn't. They came, Madge, first one at a time, then two at a time, and at last three and four and even five at a time. (*With a sweeping gesture.*) You remember, we swept them out. I was weak. I couldn't tell you then, Madge. But now, after all these years, I will tell it or die. Madge, I am a criminal. My name stands written on the pages of the police records. It was the night before we were married. I was not myself, I was drunk with joy. It was the night before we were married. It is over thirty years ago tonight.

Madge (*her face buried in her apron*)—Over thirty long, long years.

Smith (*his voice breaks and the wind howls mournfully*)—I cannot go on.

Madge—Proceed.

Smith (*with infinite pathos*)—I was drunk with joy. I was mad. I remember little. I must have done something rash, but that night I was arrested, tried, and found guilty. Madge, I was found guilty and fined a dollar.

Madge—A dollar?

Smith—Aye, a dollar.

Madge (*as the sound of the storm rises and falls*)—Continue.

Smith—You know the rest. I married you next morning. We went to the sea.

Madge—Is it deep?

Smith—Very.

Madge (*simply*)—I didn't know.

(*Both listen to the storm for some time. Then the curtain falls slowly amid an impressive silence.*)

THE BOY MUSICIAN

(By Margaret McChang, '16)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.—Huntley Gilbert is the pride of Tankton County. Far away from the sin-soaked city, he has learned to love the cows and the chickens and the voice of the sucking pig. But of late a great change had come over his life. For the first time in Huntley's memory, and he was sixteen years of age, had the rural mail carrier stopped at his home, and he had delivered a mail order catalogue. Surely it was of evil, Gilbert had thought, as he noticed the gaudy cover, and he had tossed it from him in scorn, intending to look at it later when his father's back was turned. He had done so, and for the first time in his life his mind had been crossed by vague longings and by doubts. For the first time in his life he had longed to see the sun set. He had seen the sun rise every morning for sixteen years, but now—. Had he mentioned his desire to his father he would have been soundly thrashed, so he remained silent, but he determined to see the sun set, if he had to stay up all night. And he had done so, and had been done so. But his longings were not quelled nor his doubts dispelled, and taking the catalogue from under a bale of hay, he had decided to order a Hohner mouth-organ. After many months, and with the aid of the neighbor's hired man, he had received it. Oh what joy! "Surely," he thought as his father bellowed forth the evening hymn, "surely the city cannot be so bad as that," and with this thought uppermost in his mind he joined in the lusty chorus of "Beulah Land," and resolved then and there to change his name and escape. And his heart was full of poetry and his soul with music. Ah!

CHAPTER VI.

It was a beautiful morning in June. The barley ripened in the morning breeze, the piglets scrambled to and fro, and the mooley-cow gazed thoughtfully over the stile. A strange sight met her eyes. Huntley Gilbert, alias Gilbert Huntley, sat on a wagon wheel and overlooked a large, brutal farmer, his father; overlooked the new barn painted in pink spots; overlooked the swish of the cow at

milking time; yes, overlooked the farm in which he has spent so many happy and unhappy years.

For seven long days he has sat thus, his overalls frayed to the quick by the cruel edge of the wagon wheel, and tortured by an unquenchable thirst. For seven days the evensong has reverberated in his ears. He is waiting, patiently waiting, for the next instalment.

But hist! His keen ears erect themselves. A new sound is heard. What may it be? Can you not guess, gentle reader? It is the "put! put!" of a motorcycle. Faintly at first—"put! put!"—then louder, "*Put! Put!*"—then still louder—"PUT! PUT!"—it draws nigh over the ridge cap of yon hillock. Hooray! it is the rural postoffice. He comes tearing along at frightful speed. He is upon us, hooray! He dismounts, hooray! He departs—"PUT! PUT!"—then from afar—"Put! Put!"—then out of sight—"put! put!" Hooray!

Gilbert dismounts from the wagon wheel with a sigh, and picks up the last issue of *The Manitoban*, which the postman has left. He opens the paper at page 41 and reads the "Ode to a Deserted Farm." How beautiful!

The sun spins around rapidly a number of times and goes down with a crash amid a swirl of pink vapor, and the evensong breaks off abruptly. And as the sun goes down one side of the hill the moon comes up over the other. "Ah," sighs the lad, "how well adjusted this cosmos of ourn," for indeed philosophy was his favorite exercise. "Give me," he is reported to have said to his father abaft the new swine-house at four of the clock on a Saturday, "give me my philosophy, a new Hohner harmonica, costing thirty-five cents, and I want nothing more." His father, who had no ear for philosophy or music, and cared only for his swine and kine, is said to have hitched the germinating genius to the merry-go-round that runs the bran grinder, and there he must grind until many bushels are ground. The distance he walked, if stretched in a straight line, would reach from here to the red barn. It was here at the bran grinder, far away from Dresden, China, that the lad learned to look

at life in a broad, comprehensive sweep. His father thought not that the boy's groans were those of inside anguish. Not he. Large-boned man that he was, his thoughts were not of these. Hen feed was his ideal, and baled hay the supreme good. At supper he would sit down to his repast, a substantial one of fat meat, boiled eggs, turnip and tea.

"He grinds well, Sahara," he would say to his wife, "he grinds amazing well."

"We'll keep him there till the grain is ground. We'll keep him there at the merry-go-round," gurgled his wife with a senile chuckle, for from her had Gilbert inherited his taste for poetry.

"And then we'll sell, we'll sell," her husband would say with a leer, his beard all the while dripping grease and spattering the snowy oil cloth. His wife would titter and leer in her turn, between mouthfuls of savory turnip and large gulps of scalding tea.

Will it be then doubted, gentle reader, that the boy did not love his father? Far be it from such. Our reader is too just, nay, let us say, noble, to harbor such a thought. Nay, Gilbert did not love his father, he did not love the barn with the kimona effect, and last but not least, he did not love the merry-go-round.

"Merry-go-round?" he is reported to have said to his father with a bitter laugh whilst the latter was engaged in nailing the laths together with the back of an axe. "Better," said he, his face turning Chinese vermilion and his voice rising to a shriek: "Better," he said, "better to call it Hurry-you-hound." And he lapsed into a moody silence. For this his father padlocked him to the grinder, put a week's supply of hen feed into the hopper, and there we must leave him, gentle reader, there we must leave him for a week.

(To be continued).

CHAPTER VII.

(Seven days later.)

Ah! Whom have we here? It is Gilbert Huntley, alias Huntley Gilbert, attached to the Massey-Harris, O-so-easy, merry-go-round. He is sadly emaciated but not yet emancipated. His eyes protrude so badly that he can see where his suspenders cross. His clothes, ah gentle reader, his clothes would hardly go by the name of shirt.

For seven days he has groveled beneath the yoke, and the last few grains are filtering down the hopper. Many, many times he has called for cigarettes and gall cure, but none there was to give him. And now he is finished. Finished! But at what a cost! "Finished!" said the lad with an embittered laugh, "'twere better to say, extinguished. 'Twere better," and the tears welled forth, "'twere better to say diminished." Ah, gentle reader, how he must have suffered! It is too much. It is too much, too much.

Gilbert reached into his last overall pocket and drew forth his mouth-organ. "Ah," said he, "my one friend. My only friend." Putting it to his lips he blew a mild blast. Full-toned, rich, and low, the blast filled the dark shed. Heard it the spiders in the crannies; heard it the crickets in the empty hopper; heard it Gilbert's heart? Aye! When the blast had died out of its own accord, he took the harmonica from his lips. Lovingly

he patted the shiny surface, and lovingly he read the inscription on its shiny tin plate: "Hohner. Made in Germany. None genuine without this birth mark." Gilbert's face distorted itself with joy, "I have it," he cried. "I will go there. I will see him. The great him. I will see Hohner.

He will understand,
He will grasp my hand,
Perhaps make me harmonicist.
In his harmonic band
"Hohner," I will say, "pity me, I pray,
I am but an ignoramus
Raised on hay."
And the noble man will say
"Sit down, don't stand,
Here, sign along this dotted line,
I want you in my band."

His face was transfixed. Hastily he jotted down these few simple lines while still freshly etched on the delicate bony structure of the brain. On his celluloid shirt bosom he jotted them down, and wore them next to his heart. Yes, life was indeed—Heaving a sigh he arose and shook from his ears the hen feed that had accumulated. "But I must sleep," said he, "for I am indeed weary after my arduous task. I must sleep. What I desire is sleep." Rolling himself into a ball as compact as possible so as to keep out the crickets, he prepared himself for a seven-day nap. "Sleep," said he, and the bitterness in his voice was noticeable, "Sleep? 'Twere better to say heap, 'twere better to say, 'twere better—"

Large snores were heard. He was asleep. Huntley slept. Gilroy sloped.

(To be continued).

CHAPTER VIII.

(Seven days later).

It is a beautiful morning in June. The cackle of the barnyard fowl, the ba-a-a of the rams, and the wee small voice of the sucking pig greet the glorious dawn. It is a typical Canadian scene. The barley stretches in bearded splendor beyond, beyond. The farmer gazes out over the heaving billows of golden hog-feed and the sun-kissed fields of sow-thistle. His wife is at his side. Their eyes are turned towards Mecca—but they know it not. He has not aged perceptibly since we saw him last. Ah, but what do we see? Is that not a gray hair in his beard? No, it is a strand of hay. The sun peers over the hillock. "Dough," sings the farmer in a loud alto. "Dough, echoes Sahara at least two octaves lower. They wait a moment or two. The sun appears between the hillocks—"Oh Beaulah Land" bellows the farmer, and "Sweet Beaulah Land" his wife takes up the refrain in a deep bass. Another day has come.

Meanwhile a few rays of the still rising sun have found their way through a knothole in the feed house. Ah, gentle reader, what do they disclose? Hist thee! This is what they disclose. They fall on the dusty two-by-fours; they fall on the piled up bran; they fall on the merry-go-round; they fall on the—Ah, what is this round object, so still, so silent. We will kick it, gentle reader, and find out.

* * *

Gilbert arose with a shriek, cursing and gnashing his teeth. "Who done that?" he shrieked, "who, the blank, blank, done that?"

"Ah," said a mild voice, at his elbow. "It was

me. It was me, the author. I done that. I didn't think, I assure you."

"You didn't think," shrieked Gilbert; "you didn't think! 'Twere better," and his voice was hoarse with bitterness, "'twere better to have said you didn't drink, 'twere better. But I'll teach you. You blank, blank, blank. I'll teach you!"

He had wrenched loose the vortex of the merry-go-round, and with the other he clutched the author by the windpipe.

Save me! Gentle reader, save me! Bing! Biff! Save me, readers, save me. Biff! Too late, too late, too late!

Editor's Note—Owing to the sudden death of Margaret McChang, who in a fit of curiosity got in farther than she had intended, we will be forced to discontinue this otherwise continued story. With many regrets, etc.

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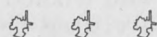


The hockey season opened on Saturday, January 8th, with a game between Medicals and 'Varsity. The game was fairly fast, but lack of team play was very evident. Credit is due both teams, however, in that the line-ups are to a large extent new men, and in spite of the heavy drain caused by enlistment, there is assurance that intercollegiate hockey is going to be interesting. The score was 9 to 4, in favor of Medicals.



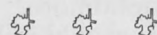
An Intercollegiate Curling Association for the season 1916 has been organized, with the following as officers: Patrons, Judge Paterson, Dr. Brandon and Prof. F. W. Clarke; chaplain, Rev. J. W. Hindley; president, J. D. Heaslip; vice-president, Tom Johnston; secretary-treasurer, W. C. Cumming; executive—Law, C. M. McKenzie; Medicals, F. J. Stewart; 'Varsity, G. L. Cousley; Agricultural, C. R. Hopper

We are looking forward to some excitement in the "roarin'" game and in the coming Bonspiel would like to see some of the silverware coming to the University.

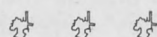


Enthusiasm in basketball is increasing and some strenuous work is already being done on the floor.

An Intercollegiate schedule has been arranged, games to commence at once. Those who are interested in the game would do well to remember that during these cold days when outdoor exercise is not very enjoyable, that a workout at basketball would be very beneficial. More men are needed.



We would urge that all turn out to hockey games and give the players the support they deserve. Let us not forget that our boys are sacrificing a good deal in some cases in order to give us this form of amusement and even if the benches are cold, a little enthusiasm adds greatly to the quality of the games.

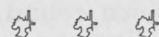


The hockey season gives promise of bringing out many new men. In fact, some of the teams are practically all on the ice for the first time as hockey players. Judging from the first game, however, there is no reason for discouragement or pessimism as to the quality of the games to be played.

Senior Schedule

Jan. 8—'Varsity vs. Medicals.
 Jan. 12—Wesley vs. St. John's.
 Jan. 15—Medicals vs. Engineers.
 Jan. 19—Engineers vs. 'Varsity.
 Jan. *—Wesley vs. 'Varsity.
 Jan. 26—Medicals vs. St. John's.
 Jan. 29—Engineers vs. St. John's.
 Feb. 2—Wesley vs. Medicals.
 Feb. *—Wesley vs. Engineers.
 Feb. 9—St. John's vs. 'Varsity.
 Feb. 12—Medicals vs. 'Varsity.
 Feb. 16—St. John's vs. Wesley.
 Feb. *—Engineers vs. Medicals.
 Feb. 23—'Varsity vs. Engineers.
 Feb. 26—'Varsity vs. Wesley.
 Mar. 1—St. John's vs. Engineers.
 Mar. *—St. John's vs. 'Varsity.
 Mar. 8—Wesley vs. Medicals.
 Mar. 11—Engineers vs. Wesley.
 Mar. 15—St. John's vs. Medicals.

* Dates for these games to be decided later.



The following are the officers of the Intercollegiate Basketball Association for 1916: honorary president, Dr. McLean; president, Prof. D. C. Harvey; vice-president, W. H. Howden; secretary, F. F. Matthew;

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treasurer, A. Oddlafson; team captain, F. McGuinness; business manager, O. Fleming.

The following has been drawn up:

- Jan. 19—Wesley vs. Engineers.
- Jan. 22—'Varsity vs. Agriculture.
- Jan. 26—Medicals vs. 'Varsity.
- Jan. 29—Agriculture vs. Engineers.
- Jan. 31—Agriculture vs. Wesley.
- Feb. 2—Medicals vs. Engineers.
- Feb. 7—'Varsity vs. Engineers.
- Feb. 9—Medicals vs. Wesley.
- Feb. 16—Wesley vs. 'Varsity.
- Feb. 19—Medicals vs. Agriculture.

All games will be played in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The hours will be announced later.

SPOOFING HIM

Recruiting is responsible for a good story from Carmarthenshire. One of the latest accessions to Kitchener's army is a stalwart man 6 ft. 2 in. in height, from the heart of the country, and on joining he expanded his chest with pride and ejaculated, "Now for the Germans."

The following day he received from London a telegram: "Heartiest congratulations.—Kitchener."

This was duly shown round, but next morning his pride was boundless on receiving the Royal message: "The Empire is proud of you.—George."

It was not until the third day, when he received a wire, "For Heaven's sake, keep neutral—Wilhelm," that he realized a waggish friend had been pulling his leg.—*Tit-Bits*.

Intercollegiate Hockey Games

as per Schedule
are played on Wednes-
days and Saturdays at
the Auditorium Rink.

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THE COLLEGE GIRL

'18 NOTES

The '18 girls had a jolly toboggan party in the holidays, which, it is hoped, was just the first of a series. Clad in picturesque raiment, they met at the Arlington slides, and delighted some small boys, especially, with the '18 and 'Varsity yells. When the toboggans had been forcibly removed, they adjourned to the home of Miss Jennie McKeag, where refreshments and other forms of amusement were indulged in. A walk in the moonlight brought the girls to a picture show, when a happy ending was put to a happy day. We hope to have many more like it!

Work was resumed with varied emotions, but most of us are glad to be back again. Logic and Political Economy are the chief lions in the path—for Bradley Arnold is mere child's play to the '18s.

CELESTIAL SUPERVISION

or

THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

Outside the snow was falling, falling; the wind was howling and the mercury was dropping. In short, it was a cold night in Winter. So thought the guardian angel of students as he made his rounds, and drew his halo more closely about him.

He had heard that the students were in the midst of their great ordeal, and wished to see how they were bearing up. First he visited the humble home of a Freshman. What a sight met his eyes! Loosely attired in bathrobe and slippers, a frenzied youth was sitting with a large green book in his hand; at his side was a steaming black mixture, presumably coffee, and his feet were immersed in a basin of hot water. Yes, we admit it *was* a large basin, but why this apparatus at all? Because, dear reader, the Freshman had cold feet. He was cramming physics.

And the angel was wroth, for he did not believe in cramming, but he was hopeful as he approached the residence of a Sophomore. Here were no helps to study; the only things which kept the Soph awake were an iron will and a hard-backed chair. Books of every color and size were piled all around him, for, alas, he was cramming everything!

The angel flapped his wings angrily as he went to the abode of a Junior. Nobody was home. The result was the same with other Juniors, and with Seniors. "Where can they be?" thought the angel. "They are as bad as the others." And when he found out that they were all at the *Orpheum*, a great sob burst from him, and he sat down on the curb and wept and wept and wept.

I.T., '18.

P.S.—There is no moral in this.

Don't worry, the contortionist has a harder job than you, and he can make both ends meet.

MNEMONICS

By Wm. Diamond, B.A.

My friend, "Rusty" Smith, is in Third Year, and has done rather well at the Christmas examinations. He says he came second for the scholarship, and hopes to beat the fellow who came first, in the spring. During the holidays he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the study of Mnemonics, and when I dropped in to see him the other day I found him beaming with joy. He was sure to beat the other fellow now. With the help of Mnemonics he could memorize every word of his notes, and that done, there was absolutely nothing to hinder him, he thought, from getting 98 per cent. on his papers next spring. Now it happens that in the departments in which "Rusty" is taking his work, the professors simply dictate notes instead of lecturing, then when they set the papers they naturally ask questions on their notes, and are more than pleased when a student has taken the trouble to memorize the notes and give them back word for word, so that my friend has good grounds for his confidence.

Of course there are students who do not even take the trouble to memorize their notes, partly because they did not take any, and have nothing to memorize. These have a system of their own, and that is "bluffing." Now I am not just sure how this is done, but it seems to be some way of answering questions when you have not the slightest idea of what the right answer should be. You pretend you know, and write about a hundred and one things that come into your mind, trusting that you will be fortunate enough to say some thing that the examiner can construe as an answer to the question.

However, memorizing is more popular, and is practiced by nearly all the students. I did my share of it. In my first year I memorized all the formulae in Algebra and Trigonometry, and forgot them on examination day. I was more fortunate in my second year as I had to memorize only Logic. Between you and me is not the Logic course a fine joke? I wonder how much longer they will keep it up. But even memorizing has its pitfalls. A student who has memorized his Latin translation, misled by the first word will sometimes translate the wrong passage, on examination; often he does not know when to stop and translates a dozen lines, or so, more than is required. Or the student memorizes certain questions, and when he finds they are not on the paper, he pretends to mistake what is asked, and writes down the answers he does know. But my present subject is Mnemonics, and I must bring my wanderings to an end.

By the way, do you know what Mnemonics is. I did not know myself till "Rusty" explained it to me. It is a device for assisting the memory, and it goes something like this. Suppose you are studying ancient history and have to remember the battle of Marathon, which took place in 490 B.C., you think of something that will remind you of that date, thus: if you owe Russell Lang & Co., \$2.45 you multiply 245 by 2 and you have 490, which is the date you want. If you cannot

remember whether it was 480 B.C. or A.D., you just think of the initials of British Columbia, and if it is difficult for you to remember to multiply by two, remember you have two hands.

But to begin where I left off "Rusty" was full of the hope that he would beat the other fellow in the spring, and win the \$150 scholarship. He asked me for a loan of ten dollars, which he needed to send to a Mnemonics correspondence school. I was sorry I could not oblige him. I never carry money about me. As I was leaving I asked him to call me up.

"Be sure and call me up to-morrow night," I said. "Do you know my phone number? No? Then write it down, St. John 5426."

"Rusty" shrugged his shoulders lazily. "Write it down. Why? I'll remember it without writing it down. In the first place I have a rare memory. I remember things that would amaze you, and besides I use Mnemonics; and since I have a rare memory and use Mnemonics, I make it a practice never to write down anything. What did you say your phone was?"

"St. John 5426."

Smith listened attentively and repeated the number several times "5426. Why it is the easiest thing in the world to remember 6426!"

"Not 6426 but 5426," I corrected.

"Oh yes. Now if I want to remember the number by means of Mnemonics I'll do it this way: the first half of the number is 54 and the second 26, that means that the first half is twice the second."

"Not quite. Twice 26 is 52," I suggested.

"So it is. But in that case it is simpler still. We will do this. Multiply the second half by two and add two and we will get the first half. Do you see how simple it is to remember by means of Mnemonics?"

"It is simplicity itself. But you might phone 2612. Multiply the second half by two, and add two, and you will have the first half."

"You are right again. Let me see—What did you say your phone was?"

"St. John 5426."

"Very well, first I have to remember the second half. How shall I do it? Let me see—I have ten fingers and ten toes. By adding them I get twenty. Then I will add six and have the second half of your phone; and once I know the second half it will be easy to remember the first. I'll multiply the second half by two and add two. Do you see how easily it is done?"

"But how will you remember that you have to add the sum of your fingers and toes and six, and not five or eight?"

"That is really a question." Rusty looked puzzled, then his face brightened. "I can get out of this difficulty easily enough. Mnemonics can help you in everything. I will remember that a six is an inverted nine."

"That is so, but if a six is an inverted nine, nine is also an inverted six. "Rusty" had to admit I was right again, and looked very thoughtful. I was getting tired of Mnemonics and begged him to write down the number. He would hear of

no such thing, but went on thinking; suddenly he exclaimed:

"I have it now! What is your phone number again?"

"St. John 5426," I replied wearily.

"Alright, we will work it this way. My father died at the age of fifty-seven, and my oldest sister at twenty-one years. If I subtract 21 from 57 there remains—there remains—no that will not do. Just wait! My father died three years later than the first half, and my sister five years before the second half of your phone; the only question is to remember the figures 3 and 5." He thought for a minute then began again.

"If I add the figures of the first part I get nine and if I do the same with the figures of the second part I get eight. Eight and nine make—make?"

"Seventeen," I suggested.

"Seventeen is right, but what next?"

"Next you write the number down and cut out all this nonsense."

But "Rusty" was obdurate. He thought hard for five minutes and then propounded the following with an air of triumph:

"Now I've got it! My brother's mother-in-law is fifty-four years of age, that is the first half of your number. Then, my brother is thirty years old. I will subtract four from his age and get the second half; the only question now is how to remember the number four. But here again Mnemonics will help me. I will think of the four cardinal points of the compass. Now do you see how easily I can remember everything by means of Mnemonics?"

At this we parted. Nearly two weeks have gone by since then and I am still waiting for "Rusty" to call me up.

Who were the gay students who had a keg of beer on draught the other night and who was the one who had a cold the next day because he sat in the draught all night?

Gaby Deslys and other prominent actresses are offering kisses to the young men of London who will enlist. Thus many recruits will smell powder at the very beginning of their military careers.

Why does nobody write anything for *The Manitoban*? Please, oh please, get together and hump yourself. We need more material.—*Editor*.

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CAMPUS NOTES

'16 'VARSITY NOTES

Dr. Osen, the well-known quack doctor of Winnipeg, has recently been appointed to the editorial staff of one of the best known publications in the Province. His friends in the '16 Class wish him every success in his newly-ventured journalistic career.

Hats off to the Freshmen! It is rumored that many of our newly-initiated members are trying to catch a place on our hockey teams; but since there are so many experienced hockeyists from the Senior classes, it is hardly likely that their hard efforts to catch a place on any of the teams will be rewarded (?) this year.

The *Year Book* business manager, O. I. Fleming, has chucked up the job.

Mr. W. V. Tobias, the star actor in last year's play, will take a still greater part in "The Admirable Crichton." His part will at least consist of saying "Yes, Sir."

A private '16 Class toboggan party was held on Tuesday night, Jan. 11th, under the auspices of Mr. Black and Mr. Johnston. Those present were Miss Borthwick, Miss Black, a third unknown lady, Mr. Black and Mr. Johnston. A very enjoyable evening was spent, but little money.

It is a matter of debate among the members of the '16 Class as to why H. Ferguson stayed an extra week in Dauphin.

During Christmas week three more members of the '16 Class donned the khaki. These are Mac Long, Watson, and Campbell. We wish the boys every success, and hope that after the war is over they will take the shortest route from Berlin to Winnipeg, and so be among us again.

Herbert Napoleon Tobias, the budding (but not ripe) '16 Class poet, has just written a new thrilling and dramatic playlet entitled "Westward Ho," in which Mr. Straith will figure as the leading man.

In the Policon Class

Mr. Fraser—This quotation will be found in the appendix.

Bill Tobias—That's good; I wont have to buy one—I've got one.

Mr. Fraser—I hope you wont have to be operated on for it

McMillan (*sotta voce*)—Ah, cut it out!

Dave Allison, the '16 Class tragedian, will take one of the heavy parts in the new University play—he will shift scenery.

A notable sentence in Mr. Annis' history paper on the question of the American Revolution was, "George Washington married Martha Butler, and in due time became the father of his country."

'16 Class Banquet

On Wednesday, Jan. 12th, the male members of the '16 Class held a dinner at the "Grange," in honor of those who

have enlisted from amongst its numbers. The following '16 soldiers were present: Dan Broadfoot, Ed Walsh, Mat Campbell, Carl Mather, George Lewtas, Harry Watson and Mac Long. After a most enjoyable dinner, toasts were in order. Mr. Smith, the Class president, acted as toastmaster and proposed the toast to the King. The toast to the Empire was given by Mr. Halladay and replied to by Mr. Luszkovec. Mr. Straith gave the toast to the soldiers, and Mr. Walsh replied. Mr. Smith gave the toast to the '16 Class, and spoke briefly on its checkered career. Mr. J. Popp responded. In toasting the ladies, Mr. Tobias kept the gathering in laughter with his jokes, ending with a fine tribute to the subject of his toast.

Having replenished their fallen and starved appetites, the boys then turned to the piano to give effect to their new-born strength. Some sang, others hollered, but the mixture showed a harmonious result of good fellowship. Later the boys adjourned to a nearby theatre, where they completed a most enjoyable evening.

University skating night at the Amphitheatre every Wednesday, beginning Jan. 19th.

'17 CLASS NOTES

Prof. Martin—I suppose you are all going to hear Prof. Leonard lecture on "The Ice Age in Manitoba College?"

Resident students—We won't need to go!

Ed. F-r-m-n, one of the prominent social reformers of the '17 Class professing to have spent most of his holidays in trying to put down booze, came back with a flaming red nose. Nothing like doing things in a practical way, Ed!

We are glad to be able to welcome Miss Johnson back into the class after an absence from it of half a term.

The '17s wish Lieut. Pitblado, of the 37th Field Battery, every success in his military career.

Mr. A. Oliver, the gifted cartoonist of the '17 Class, is contemplating drawing a comic strip entitled, "Bringing Up Fowler," (at 3 a.m.). Mr. Allison will collaborate.

'18 JOTTINGS

Despite the severity of the onset of Xmas exams, very few fatal casualties are reported in the '18 ranks—of course, we have a fair list of wounded.

Our genial ex-president, Wm. Ross, now of the L.S.H., is at present incarcerated in St. Boniface Hospital with a kick from a horse, and several pretty nurses. (No, Clarice, the nurses did not participate in the kicking.) Bill anticipates a slow recovery.

Mr. Muller (*to French Class*)—The word "coup" has many meanings. For instance, "le coup de fusil" means a rifle-shot.

Maybank (*in an agitated manner*)—Can the word "coup" be used to express "half-shot?"

Smile from Mr. Muller.

In Algebra, when $B=6$ and $C=5$, $B+C=11$. But in English $B+C$ can equal 11 or any other number up to 20, say 12. For the solution of this new English method of Algebra, the mathematicians may apply to Mr. Durkin.

Kennedy (*trying to put one over on the waiter in the Boston Beanery*)—Give me "verulam et ova."

"All right, Sir," said a seedy looking

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Gunn admits that she works in Eaton's.

Our good wishes are extended to Herb McPhail who is now known as Pte. McPhail of the 61st.

'19 'VARSITY

Mr. Hilman has left the Arts Class to join the Medical Section. We will miss his little novelties of dress which kept Section A so informed on matters of fashion.

Mr. Perry—What is the object in taking "Twelfth Night" before "King Lear?"

Holland—It comes first in the calendar.

It is rumored that one of the budding inventors of the '19 Class is at work perfecting a fountain pen that will automatically write shorthand. Do not place too much reliance on this rumor.

Before the Exam.

First Freshman—I know some that I should know, but I don't know that I don't know the rest.

Second Freshman—I know what I don't know, but I don't know that I don't know—Hang it, let it go at that!

With the extraordinary increase in the price of chewing gum, motion picture performances, and gasoline, the cost of living is indeed becoming desperate.

Mr. S. Lipshitz announces a new book entitled "The Lowest Mark I Took—And What It Was."

The Physics matinee begins promptly at 2.10. Girls of Section B will please take notice.

Notice to Professors

If you miss the male section from your classes you may find them in the Pastime Billiard Parlors.

Famous Sayings by Famous Men

"Get that and freeze right to it."—Prof. Durkin.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating."—Prof. Kingston.

"Little fleas have big fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em.
And these in turn,
Have other fleas
And so ad Infinitum."—Prof. Allen.

"I'll leave this instant" and "Let 'im a chance."—Prof. Muller.

"Squeeze the juice right out of it."—Prof. Kingston.

"This text is wrong in this case."—Dr. Wilson.

"I'll knock you within an inch of your life."—Prof. R. Orlando Jolliffe.

"As you will remembah! Gentlemen."—Prof. Parker.

"That is right, you put your finger

right on the sore spot."—Prof. Kingston.

(Collected by John F. Thompson, First Year Science.)

University skating night at the Amphitheatre every Wednesday, beginning Jan. 19th.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

Theological Notes

Christmas and its usual festivities are now over, and a number of the students are back again, keen and refreshed, after a three-weeks' vacation, and ready for work once more.

The Theological examinations commenced on Friday, Dec. 10th, and continued during the following two weeks. What resolutions were made during that time in regard to work during the next term! How many were going to keep pace with the work of the lectures this term and not leave it for the last few weeks of the term! The results of the exams were, on the whole, good; and particularly is one class to be congratulated on one set of papers which was handed in. Rumor tells us that this was the best examination written on that particular subject.

The Thursday and Friday before Christmas witnessed the departure of most of the Theological students who were going out to Christmas missions. On the morning of the 24th, we had our College Christmas celebration of the Holy Communion. This enabled those who were going away to missions to partake of the Blessed Sacrament before they left. On Xmas Day itself there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the College Chapel, at which service there were members of the Faculty and staff and also students. The daily services are once more being held as usual.

Theological lectures re-commence on the 11th and we shall soon be in full swing again.

Several of our students have enlisted for active service during the vacation, and this brings us into direct touch and association with the great war. Our thoughts go with these our fellow-students, and our prayers will ever be for their safety and for their quick return.

University skating night at the Amphitheatre every Wednesday, beginning Jan. 19th.

MANITOBA COLLEGE

Theological Notes

We wish all readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Wm. Holmes and Tom Buchanan have just returned to College after conducting a successful mission at Carman.

Congratulations to Pte. S. C. S.

Why did W. M. T. go back to White-water, and what did he bring back with him?

Harry Wallace and Bill Robertson are both in Victoria Hospital, having undergone an operation preparatory to enlisting. We wish them a speedy recovery.

G. A. S., the 5-foot-2 Theolog, struts around like a 6-foot "bobby" these days. Congratulations, Georgie.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed—W. W. McP. and Jas. F.

Davie A. (Fourth Year Arts) heralded in 1916 with acclamation. A *Manitoban* reporter interviewed him and interrogated him on the cause of his jubilation. "It

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is not because I graduate, nor because a scholarship is in sight; I don't expect a rich old maiden aunt to die—but, it's leap year."

On Dec. 23rd last, the resident students partook of their annual Christmas dinner. All the members of the Faculty were present. Professors Clark and Tier, who have been so long associated with Manitoba, also joined in the festivities of the evening. Miss Grant and her staff of able workers are to be congratulated for all their kindness on these special occasions and for their tireless care of the comfort and well-being of the resident students throughout the whole College year.

It is expected that all Theologs will support the various organizations of the Student Body this term.

The Social and Literary Committee desire the co-operation of all students in making society meetings, Intercollegiate debates and socials a great success.

No response has yet been made to the frequent appeals for "copy" for *The Manitoban*. Some 'Toba Theologs continue to kick because they feel they have no adequate representation in the University paper. If only they would use half the energy they expend in kicking writing articles for *The Manitoban*, they would be doing something to some purpose. Two issues more and the second volume of *The Manitoban* will be complete. What are Theologs going to do to make these two issues the best numbers yet produced?

Rev. Dr. J. W. MacMillan has gone to Saskatoon for a month to conduct lectures at the College there. His place at 'Toba is being filled by Rev. Dr. Myers, now an old friend here. We welcome Dr. Myers to the College, and look forward to many interesting lectures in his department—that of religious education.

On Friday, the 14th, Manitoba College will debate against Agriculture at Agriculture. Our representatives are Frank Shallcross, '16, leader, and T. T. Latto, '18, supporter.

Manitoba College Oratory contest will be held about the middle of February. Further information will be posted in the halls.

University skating night at the Amphitheatre every Wednesday, beginning Jan. 19th.

AMONG WESLEY'S THEOLOGS

George Holgate, of the Fifth Year, has gone to take charge of the Forget field, which was vacant owing to the illness of Rev. George Clark.

Hugh Conolly, B.A., is among the recent recruits. Hugh was taking B.D. work at Wesley and also acting as pastor at Sturgeon Creek. He is in the 101st Battalion and has been on recruiting duty on Main Street.

F. Blatchford Ball, who last term took charge of the Wilcox church, was in the city during the vacation on pleasant busi-

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ness. On the 5th, at McDougall church, Rev. R. A. Scarlett assisted by Prof. J. W. Melvin, made Fred happy. The fortunate lady was Miss Lowery. Congratulations!

J. Rae will be leaving shortly for a field in the West.

A.W.K.

WESLEY NOTES

Six more of Wesley's students have responded to the call to the colors. These are McColl, Morgan, Montgomery, Thomas, Connolly and Lovatt.

In the enlistment of "Dug" McColl Wesley has lost her Senior hockey captain. While we wish "Dug" every success in his new department, we find his place on the hockey line-up rather hard to fill.

The oration contest which was postponed from last term took place Friday evening, Jan. 14th. The contestants were Miss M. Rogers, Miss A. Ruston, Mr. Malley and Mr. Keeton. Miss Quast sang and there were other items of an interesting nature. The public were invited.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 9th, Third Year held a skating party at the Amphitheatre rink, while the Sophomores, in search of pleasure, went to the slides. They met at the College for lunch, which consisted of chicken, kindly prepared and served by the Fourth Year.

Hugh Connolly and Harvey Thomas, of the 101st Battalion, have become recruiting agents.

We congratulate Lieut. Ewart Morgan on his appointment. John Schmidt has been elected president of Third Year to fill the vacancy caused by Morgan's enlistment.

We congratulate A. W. Keeton and H. H. Pilling on their appointments of crown prosecutor and court crier, respectively, in the Student Court. E. P. Scarlett has been appointed assistant crown prosecutor and W. A. Cuddy clerk of the court. Criminals beware!

Walter Lindal, '12, called this week. Walter has taken his certificate work and is qualified for a lieutenancy. He purposes taking further military training.

We are pleased to learn of Prof. Argue's rapid recovery from his serious illness in Edmonton, on his trip West in the interests of military organization. He is expected home in a few days.

Dr. McDonald, the new professor of political economy, will deliver an inaugural lecture in the Convocation Hall at Wesley on Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th, at 8 o'clock. The subject will be "Economics and Everyday Life."

ST. BONIFACE

Motherhood

A stately rosebush in a garden fair . . .
A hush, mysterious, solemn, stills the air.

The bees, the birds, the sun on his daily round
Loiter and wait; the trees make never a sound.

Day waxes, wanes; night comes in stormy mood,—
Suspense and nameless dread o'er the garden brood . . .

The morrow dawns, fragrant, serene and bright,
And lo! a sweet new blossom has seen the light.

—George Fairleigh.

MEDICAL NOTES

Don't keep all those jokes to yourself. Pass them along to *The Manitoban* and let's all enjoy them.

Gouton says handball is the best exercise he knows to remove the fat from those "empty" spaces.

Anyone desiring "inside" information on the speediest and most painful method of dissecting the human ear can obtain same by applying to Mr. Boris Black. Black says: "Practice makes perfect." If the subjects last he should soon be an ear specialist.

About a hundred of the students of the M.M.C. assembled at the C.P.R. depot on Saturday to extend a royal "welcome home" to those students who were returning from the front. Among those who returned were: Sergt.-Major Langham, Sergts. Coppinger, Jenkins and Brownridge, Corporal Aikenhead, and Privates Kennedy, Campbell, McKenzie, Lougheed, Boyle and Adamson. While the boys are all glad to be back in Canada again, their general feeling was expressed by one of the number who, when asked if he "thought he'd ever go back," replied, "Go back? Of course, we're going back just as soon as we complete our course, and, may that be soon."

Query—Why does Herbert get his nose hurt in every hockey game?

Can anybody tell us what's the matter with McNulty?

From the amount of "down" appearing about the beaks of a number of our students one would be tempted to think the season much farther advanced than either the calendar or the thermometer indicate.

As a tribute of respect to the late Dr. Jones all lectures at the College were suspended. The students attended the funeral service at Holy Trinity Church in a body.

Medical "At Home"

Manitoba Hall was the scene of a very attractive spectacle, on Friday evening, Jan. 14th. It was the occasion of the annual Medical students' ball, and the high standing set by similar functions in former years was quite equaled, if not eclipsed. Nearly one hundred couples were present to deck the glass-like floor and transpose the bars of the inspiring music into harmonizing movement. When midnight had fallen and well man, sick man, etc., had ended the proceedings, everyone felt that it was the best ever.

Many thanks are due the committee in charge for the magnificent arrange-

ments and for the way every detail was executed.

UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

A good watchword for us, "In union there is strength."

It is to be hoped that in time all minor differences and distinctions amongst the various faculties in Pharmacy Arts, Science and Engineering, will be buried. Our aim should be to make this new association a united body in practically every activity. If we do not ultimately do this, even as regards a united team in sports, and colors, the association will perhaps still continue to be such a "sloppy" (if we may use the word), loose and knock-kneed association as the present University Students' Council.

The following are some of the first officers nominated on Friday, by the Amalgamated Student Body: For honorary president, Premier T. C. Norris and Dr. Thornton; for president, W. W. Crouch by R. E. Weeks; Wm. T. Straith by John Popp, Geo. C. Blakeman by W. W. Crouch; for secretary, D. E. McPherson by acclamation; for treasurer, John Popp by acclamation. In order to give a fair and equal representation to each of the four bodies, these will be elected on their merits by an electrical College, composed of three representatives from each organization. The four vice-presidents and other officers will be elected by their own student bodies.

Rev. Dr. Eber Crummy

The words which appeared in the *Free Press* recently of the above gentleman seem somewhat enigmatical to the members of this student body who are directly supporting the University. He begins with, "I want to go up and down the country and tell the men and women, boys and girls, that the *University* is theirs," and later on it states the purpose of his address is "the launching of a campaign in the city for the raising of \$13,500 toward the maintenance of Wesley College."

We quite agree with the reverend gentleman as far as his first statement goes. The University belongs to the people of the Province, since they support the institution with their taxes. All those who have the welfare of institutions of their own Province at heart, see the necessity and the sagacity of this. But we fail to see anything but the hoodwinking of the public by such campaigns for money to support private enterprises, when the people are already paying for an institution of higher learning of their own.

Straith (to Prof. A. B. Clarke)—Did you ever hear the story of the Scotchman who overpaid his cabby, Prof. Clarke?

Prof. Clarke—No, I can't say I have, Straith.

Straith—You never will, Prof. Clarke, you never will.

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